Cinderella or the Little Glass Slipper and Other Stories

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Cinderella
Or the Little Glass Slipper
And Other Stories

ONE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS

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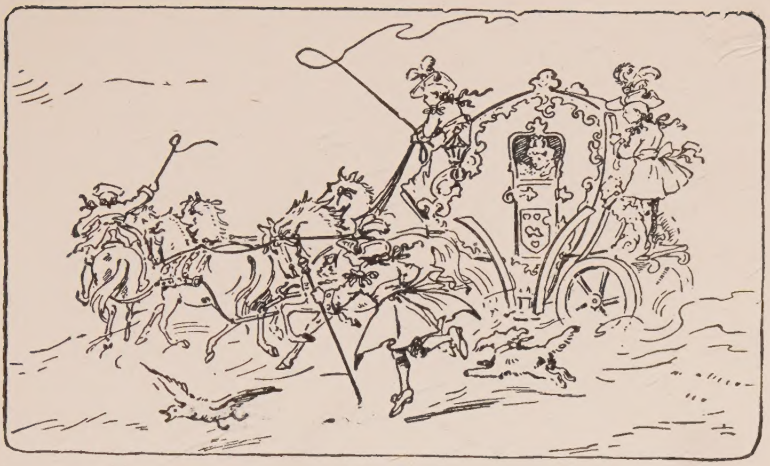


Cinderella; or, the Little Glass Slipper

THERE lived once a gentleman who married for his second wife the proudest woman ever seen. She had two daughters of the same spirit, who were indeed like her in all things. On his side, her husband had a young daughter, who was of great goodness and sweetness of temper; in this she was like her mother, who was the best woman in the world.

"THE PROUDEST WOMAN EVER SEEN."

No sooner was the wedding over than the stepmother began to show her ill-humor; she could not bear her young step-daughter's gentle ways, because they made those of her own daughters appear a thousand times more odious and disagreeable. So she employed her in the meanest work of the house; she it was who must wash the dishes and rub the tables and chairs, and it was her place to clean madam's chamber and that of the misses, her daughters. She

herself slept up in a sorry garret, upon a wretched straw bed, while her sisters' rooms had shining floors and curtained beds, and looking-glasses so long and broad that they could see themselves from head to foot in them.

"MUST WASH THE DISHES."

The poor girl bore everything with patience, not daring to complain to her father. When she had finished her work she used to sit down in the chimney-corner among the cinders; so that in the house she went by the name of Cinderwench. The youngest of the two sisters, however, being rather more civil than the eldest, called her Cinderella. But Cinderella, ragged as she was, looked a hundred times more charming than her sisters, decked out in all their splendor.

It happened that the king's son gave a ball, to which he invited all the persons of fashion for miles around; our two misses were among the number, for they made a great figure in the country. They were delighted with this invitation, and were wonderfully busy choosing such dresses as might become them. This was a new trouble for Cinderella, for it was she who ironed her sisters' linen, and plaited their ruffles. There was little then talked of but what dresses should be worn at the ball. "I," said the eldest, "will wear my crimson velvet gown." "I," said the youngest, "will wear a dress all flowered with gold and a brooch of diamonds in my hair." Yet they sent for Cinderella to ask her advice, for she had

"PLAITED THEIR RUFFLES."

excellent taste. She helped them as much as she could, and even offered to dress their hair, which was exactly what they wanted.

While she was busy over this, her sisters said to her, "Cinderella, should not you be glad to go to the ball?" "Ah," said she, "you but mock me; it is not for such as I am to go thither." "You are in the right of it," replied they, "it would make the folk laugh to see a Cinderwench at the ball." Any other than Cinderella would have dressed their hair awry, but she was good and did nothing but her best.

"OFFERED TO DRESS THEIR HAIR."

At last the happy moment arrived: they all set off, and Cinderella looked after them till they passed from her sight, when she sat down and began to cry.

Her godmother came in, and seeing her in tears, asked what ailed her. "I want—oh, I want—" sobbed poor Cinderella, without being able to say another word.

Her godmother, who indeed was a fairy, said to her, "You want to go to the ball, is n't it so?" "Oh, yes!" said Cinderella, sighing. "Well, then," said her godmother, "be but a good girl, and I will contrive that you shall go."

Then taking her kindly by the hand, she said, "Run now into the garden and bring me a pumpkin." Cinderella flew at her bidding, and brought back the finest she could get. Her godmother scooped out the inside, leaving nothing but the rind; this done, she struck it with her wand, and the pumpkin was instantly changed into a fine coach, gilded

all over with gold. She then went to look into the mouse-trap, where she found six mice, all alive; she told Cinderella to raise the door of the mouse-trap, and as each mouse came out, at one tap of her wand they changed into splendid horses; so that now Cinderella had a coach and six horses of a fine dappled mouse-color. "Here, my child, are your coach and horses," said the godmother; "but what shall we do for a coachman? Run and see if there be not a rat in the trap." Cinderella brought the trap, and in it were three huge rats. The fairy made choice of the biggest of the three, and having touched him, he was turned into a fat, jolly coachman, who mounted the hammer-cloth in a trice.

"HER GODMOTHER THEN CAME IN."

She next said to Cinderella—"Go again into the garden, and you will find six lizards behind the watering-pot; bring them hither." She had no sooner done so, than her godmother turned them into smart footmen, who at once skipped up behind the coach.

Then said the fairy, "Now, then, here is something that will take you to the ball; are you pleased with it?" "Oh, yes," cried she, "but must I go in these dirty clothes?"

'SHE FOUND SIX MICE."

Her godmother only touched her with her wand, and her clothes were turned into cloth of gold and silver, all beset with jewels. This done she gave her a pair of glass slippers, the prettiest in the world.

Being thus decked out, she got into her coach; but her godmother bade her, above all things, not to stay past midnight, telling her that if she stayed a single moment longer all her fine things would return to what they had been before.

She promised her godmother she would not fail to leave the ball before midnight, and then away she drove.

"SHE GOT INTO HER COACH."

The king's son, being told that a great princess had come, ran out to receive her; he gave her his hand as she stepped from her coach and led her among all the company.

Cinderella no sooner appeared than everyone was silent; both the dancing and the music stopped, and then all the guests might be heard whispering, "Ah, how handsome she is!" All the ladies were busied in gazing at her clothes and head-dress, that they might have some made after the same pattern. The king's son took her to dance with him; she danced so gracefully that they all more and more admired her.

A fine supper was served up, whereof the young prince ate not a morsel, so intently was he busied in gazing on her. She sat down by her sisters, giving them part of the fruit which the prince had presented her with, which very much surprised them. While Cinderella was thus talking with her sisters she heard the clock strike eleven and three-quarters, whereupon she immediately made a curtsey to the company and then hastened. Being got home, she thanked her godmother,

and said she could not but wish she might go next day to the ball, because the king's son had desired her.

While she was telling her godmother all that had passed her two sisters knocked at the door, and Cinderella opened. "How long you have stayed!" cried she, pretending to yawn. "If you had been at the ball," said one of them, "let me tell you, sleepiness would not have fallen on you. There came thither the very handsomest princess ever seen with eyes; she showed us a thousand kindnesses, and gave us oranges and citrons." Cinderella asked the name of the princess, but they told her they did not know it, and that the king's son was uneasy, and would give all the world to know who she was.

"THE PRINCE GAZED ON HER."

At this Cinderella, smiling, replied, "She must be very beautiful: could I not see her? Ah! dear Miss Charlotte, do lend me your yellow suit of clothes that you wear every day?" "Oh, indeed!" cried Miss Charlotte, "lend my clothes to such a dirty Cinderwench as thou art!"

The next day the two sisters went to the ball and so did Cinderella, dressed more magnificently than she had been the first night. The king's son was always with her, and said the kindest things to her imaginable. She was so far from feeling wearied by this, that she forgot the charge her godmother had given her; so she at last counted the clock striking twelve when she took it to be no more than eleven: she then fled as nimble as a deer. The prince followed, but

could not overtake her; she dropped one of her glass slippers, which the prince carefully took up. She got home all out of breath, without coach or footman, and in her old clothes, having nothing left of all her finery but one of the little slippers. The guards of the gate were asked if they had seen a princess go out, but they said they had seen nobody except a young girl very meanly dressed.

When the two sisters returned, Cinderella asked them if they had been as much amused as the night before, and if the beautiful princess had been there? They told her, yes, but that she hurried away at twelve o'clock, so fast that she dropped one of her glass slippers, which the king's son had taken up; and that he was surely in love with the person to whom the slipper belonged. What they said was perfectly true, for the king's son caused it to be given out that he would marry her whose foot this slipper would exactly fit. So they began by trying it on the princesses, then on the duchesses, and all the court, but in vain; they then brought it to the two sisters, who both tried all they could to force their feet into the slipper, but without success.

"SHE DROPPED ONE OF HER SLIPPERS."

Cinderella, who was looking at them all the while, could not help smiling, and said, "Let me see what I can do with the slipper," which made her sisters laugh heartily. "Very likely," said they, "that it would fit your clumsy foot!" The gentleman who was sent to try the slipper saw that she was very handsome, and said he had been ordered

to try it on everyone that pleased. Then, putting the slipper to her foot, he found that it went on very easily, and fitted her as though it had been made of wax. The astonishment of the two sisters was great, but still greater when Cinderella drew out of her pocket the other slipper, and put it on! At that very moment in came her godmother, and with one touch of her wand, made Cinderella appear more magnificent than ever.

"THEIR ASTONISHMENT WAS GREAT."

The sisters knew her again at once, and throwing themselves at her feet, begged pardon for the ill treatment they had made her undergo. Cinderella forgave them with all her heart, and begged that they would always love her.

She was then led to the palace, where the young prince received her with great joy and in a few days they were married. Cinderella, who was as good as she was beautiful, took her sisters to live in the palace, and shortly afterward matched them to two great lords of the Court, and they all lived happily ever afterward.

OUT IN THE GARDEN.

Out in the garden busy
  Hoeing the weeds away,
Training up pretty blossoms,
  This is the best of play.

See, here's a bed of roses!
Yellow and pink and white,
And tiny violets hiding
Under the poppies bright.

Bachelor's-buttons nodding
To pansies, how they grow!
And big snapdragons scowling
At morning birdies below.

Mamma says we're her blossoms,
We children, one, two, three,
And in our hearts are planting
Seeds, good and bad, you see.

When loving words we utter
And kindly deeds we do,
Then like the fragrant roses,
Our lives bloom sweet and true.

But when the angry passions
Like envy, hate, and pride,
We cherish, weeds and thistles
Grow rankly side by side.

Out in the garden early,
Where sips the honey bee
Sweets from the fragrant flowers,
'Tis life and joy to me.

AUNT ISADORE'S NEW BONNET.

Frontispiece—Cinderella.

THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE.

Bertie had the desire of his heart, — a corn-popper! He had wanted it for a long time, — three weeks, at least. Mamma brought it when she came home from the city, and gave it to him for his very own. A bushel of corn, ready popped, would not have been half so good. There was all the delight of popping in store for the long winter evenings.

Bertie could hardly wait to eat his supper before he tried his corn-popper. It proved to be a very good one. He popped corn that evening, and the next, and the next. He fed all the family, gave some to all his playmates, and carried a bag of pop-corn to school for his teacher.

Trip, the shaggy, little, yellow dog, came in for a share, and Mintie too. Who or what was Mintie?

Mintie was a bantam biddy, very small, white as snow, and very pretty. She had been left an orphan chick, and for a while kept in the house, near the kitchen fire. She had been Bertie's especial charge, and he fed and tended her faithfully.

BERTIE'S CORN-POPPER.

As she grew older she would rove about with the larger hens, but was very tame, and always liked the house. She would come in very often. When Bertie happened to pop corn in the daytime she was pretty apt to be around, and pick up the kernels he threw to her.

One night he left his corn-popper on the kitchen table. It was open, and two or three small kernels were still in it.

Early next morning, long before Bertie was dressed, Mintie came into the kitchen. She flew up on the table, and helped herself to the corn in the popper. The girl was busy getting breakfast, and did not mind much about her. Presently she went down cellar, and Mintie had the room to herself.

When Bertie came down to breakfast there was a white egg in the corn-popper! It was so small that it looked almost like a bird's; but it was Mintie's first egg.

Bertie clapped his hands; he was very much pleased.

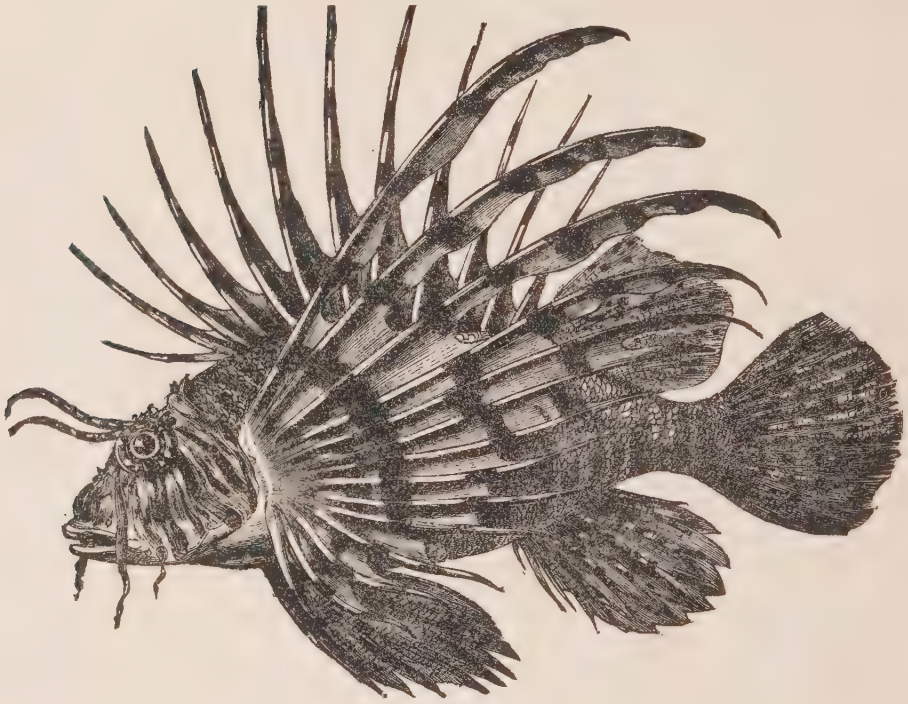
"Mamma! mamma!" he shouted. "See this pretty egg! Mintie put it into my popper, and must have meant to give it to me."

And mamma said, "Very likely she did."

FIRE! FIRE!! FIRE!!!

WHERE is it? Where is it? Why, it is in the water! Isn't that funny? But you see it isn't a real fire, but only a fire-fish. Sweet creature, isn't he? Suppose you were a little, innocent mermaid, swimming alone for the first time; how would you feel if you were to meet this fellow darting towards you with his great red mouth open? Why, you would scream with fright, and swim to your mother as fast as you could, and catch hold of her tail for protection. At least, that is what I should do if I were a mermaid. But Mrs. Mermaid would tell you that the fire-fish will not hurt you unless you hurt him first, in which case he will prick you dreadfully with his long, sharp spines.

I never see his picture without thinking of a red Indian in his war-paint and feathers. Perhaps — who knows? — perhaps when Indians are greedy, and eat too much fish, they may turn into fire-fish, and



have to swim about forever under water, and never see a green forest again. If you are an Indian I advise you to be careful, my dear.

Nobody knows why this fish has such enormous, wing-like fins. Wise men used to think that he could raise himself out of the water with them, like the fiying fish ; but it is now proved that he cannot, and there seems to be no reason why a set of plain, small fins would not serve him just as well for swimming. He prefers warm water to cold ; so he lives in the tropical seas, swimming about the coasts of India, Africa, and Australia. The natives of Ceylon call him Ginimaha, and they think he is very good to eat. They take great care in catching him, for they are very much afraid of him, thinking that his sharp spines are poisoned, and can inflict a deadly wound. But in this they are too hard upon the fellow. He can prick them deeply and painfully, and he will if they meddle with him ; but he is a perfectly respectable fish, and would not think of such a cowardly thing as poisoning anybody.

A LITTLE DEED OF KINDNESS.

SIS CHLOE was a colored girl, only thirteen years old. She lived in an old shanty half a mile from the town. Her mother had died two years ago, leaving a tiny baby and three other children to bring up in the way they should go.

Grandpa Peter worked for them every day, but his earnings were so small that they never had just as much as they could eat at any one time.

Sis Chloe was always working, but she had a brave, loving heart and Grandpa and her children made up her little world. She kept

the board floor, wooden table, and two chairs scrubbed till they were white and shining; not a single spider ever ventured into that room, and when the tired old grandfather hobbled home from his work at night, there was a pot of hot mush steaming and bubbling on the stove in a very delightful way.

The lady who owned the place where Grandpa Peter worked, had a kind heart. The neighbors had told her of Sis Chloe, the little house mother who had never known what it was to play and have good times like other girls, so one pleasant spring day she planned a surprise for the poor colored children.

Grandpa Peter was so happy when she told him about it that he

sang and laughed the whole way home. Sis Chloe and her family could scarcely sleep a wink that night for the coming joy.

The sun was just crawling up over the big chestnut tree when the merry party started off in an ox-cart Grandfather Peter had borrowed for the occasion. Along the pleasant lanes they rode, then they drove up the broad gravel path to the large summer house at the foot of the garden. Here a table had been set "with enough good things to supply a regiment of soldiers," so the lady's husband said.

The babies had scarcely rolled themselves out at the door when along came Aunt Dinah, the fat, black cook, with a pot of steaming coffee in her hands and a basket of playthings on her arm.

Some of the horses lacked a leg or a tail, and one of the dolls was entirely without a nose, but they were treasures in spite of their shortcomings.

How the children frisked and played on the green lawn, gathering daisies and buttercups to their heart's content! As to Sis Chloe, her cup of happiness was full to overflowing.

Not till sunset, did the merry picnic party start for home. The moon shone with a kindly glow upon the tired little ones, as a happy ending to a day when the world seemed to have started out new and fresh just for their enjoyment.

Sis Chloe had been a real girl once in her hard-working life.

LULU BRENTON.

BABIE'S CURLS.

ITTLE Bessie Boothby
Had a little sister Sue:
And a baby brother,
Whom she thought the world of, too.

Only one thing troubled
These dear little girls;
'Though baby Tom was pretty,
He hadn't any curls.

They found a box of vaseline
And rubbed it on his head;
But even then no hair would grow:
It made his head quite red.

Bessie once was brushing
Dollie's golden hair,
When off it fell, alas! and left
Poor dollie's head quite bare.

Little Sue was frightened,
But to comfort, Bessie said,

"Susie dear, do listen,
'Tis just like babie's head.

"Let's put the wig on baby Tom,
And then he'll have some curls;
I would not even be surprised
If he looked just like us girls."

When Mamma saw her baby boy
With all this growth of hair,
She laughed until she nearly cried,
At the naughty little pair.

THE RED APPLES.

One windy day in March Kitty Miller was on her way to school, when she spied in a store window, a great pile of lovely red apples.

"Oh," she said, "how lovely! if Mamma could only have one!"

Kittie's mother was very poor. She had been a dress-maker ever since Mr. Miller died, and had worked so hard to earn a living for herself and Kitty that she had become sick. She was obliged to lie in bed all day, and when Kitty was away at school, the house was very lonesome to the invalid.

When Kitty reached the school that day her thoughts were full of her sick mother and the lovely apples.

She was usually a good scholar, but to-day she made so many blunders that the teacher looked at her in surprise. The little girl could

only sit at her desk, with her book before her, and dream of those red apples. When school was dismissed, Kitty started slowly homeward. She had gone only a short distance when she saw a gentleman in front of her drop his purse. Running quickly forward she picked it up. It felt quite heavy in Kittie's little hand.

"There must be a good deal of money in it," thought Kitty. "How I wish I could keep it. Then I could buy Mamma a red apple and so many other things she needs."

But she knew this would not be right, so she hurried after the gentleman. Touching him on the arm, she said, "Please, Sir, you dropped your purse."

"Thank you, dear," said the gentleman taking the purse.

Then noticing how poorly dressed she was, he said, "Why did you not keep the purse, my child?"

"Because that would be stealing," replied Kitty. "But," she continued honestly, "before I thought I must give it back to you, I did wish I could keep it, for then I could buy Mamma a red apple."

The gentleman smiled kindly and said, "You are a good little girl to return my purse. I would like to give you a little present and then you can buy a red apple."

He handed her a silver dollar and then bade her good-by.

Kitty was so surprised that she started hastily for home, forgetting all about the red apples until she stood in front of the store.

The store-keeper happened to look out and saw the same little girl who stood looking so longingly in at his window in the morning. He quickly picked out the biggest, roundest, reddest apple he could find and taking it out to Kitty said, "Would you like this, my dear?"

She took the apple, looking so pleased and thanking him so prettily, that the good man thought of it for many a day.

When Kitty reached home with her treasures she found her mother fast asleep. So she put the apple and silver piece on a plate where her mother could see them when she awoke.

When Mrs. Miller was told the wonderful story, she kissed her little daughter and said, "You see, dear, it always pays to be honest and truthful."

WHAT IS IT?

WHAT is that ugly thing I see
Which follows, follows, follows me,
Whichever way I turn or go?
What is that thing? I want to know.

If I but turn to left or right
It does the same with all its might;
It looks so ugly and so black
When o'er my shoulder I look back.

Sometimes it runs ahead of me,
  Sometimes quite short it seems to be,
And then again it's very tall;
  I don't know what it is at all.

I'll climb into my little bed,
  And on my pillow lay my head,
For when I'm there I never see
  That thing in front or back of me.

HOW THE WIND BLOWS.

The Spring Wind.

It takes the kites the boys have made
And carries them off high into the air;
It snatches the little girls' hats away,
And tosses and tangles their flowing hair.

The Summer Wind.

It dances and plays with the garden flowers,
And bends down the grass and ripe yellow grain;
It rocks the bird in her hanging nest
And dashes the rain on the window pane.

The Autumn Wind.

It drives the bees and the blossoms away,
And whirls the dry leaves all over the ground;
It shakes the branches of all the trees,
And scatters the apples and nuts around.

The Winter Wind.

It fills the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweeps on the hills a pathway clear:
It hurries the children along to school
And whistles gay songs for the Happy New Year.

CURED OF CARELESSNESS.

Mrs. Bertram sat reading a book one morning, or trying to. It was not easy to do so, for her little boy, Roger, was out in the hall playing with his drum. Suddenly the drumming ceased, and in a moment Roger rushed into the room crying as if his heart would break.

"I've burst it. I've burst it," he sobbed.

"Your drum?" asked his mother. "How did you do that?"

"I was beating it with the poker and the tongs, and —"

"With the poker and tongs!" exclaimed his mother. "Why, where were your drum-sticks?"

Then Roger stopped crying, and hung his head with shame.

"Where are your drum-sticks?" asked his mother, again.

"I—I—don't know," sobbed Roger.

"Have you lost those, too?" said Mrs. Bertram. She needed no words for answer. Roger's manner was quite enough. "You know, dear, what I said would happen the next time you lost anything."

"Yes," said Roger, "you said I must give away all my toys to some little boys who would take care of them."

"Yes," said his mother. "I see you remember. I shall send them all to-night to the Children's Hospital."

"But, mama," said Roger, "if I don't have any toys to take care of, how can I learn to take care of them?"

Mrs. Bertram had to turn away so that Roger should not see her smile.

"I shall have to think of some other way to teach you to be careful. Now go and bring me all your toys."

Roger went out of the room to do as his mother said.

When he had gone, Mrs. Bertram sat thinking until he came back.

"I have decided that I want you to dust the library every morning."

Roger looked astonished. "Boys don't dust," he said.

"Sometimes," said his mother, smilingly. "Your Uncle Fred had to dust his own room when he was at West Point. Now if you dust the library every morning for two months faithfully, and do not break a single ornament, I shall

know you have grown careful in one way, and that may help you to be careful in another."

The next morning Roger began his work. At first he disliked it very much, but after a while he grew very particular. It was not pleasant to be without any toys, and he determined to earn them.

The day when his trial of two months would be up, would be Christmas Day. He did not know if his presents this year would be toys or useful things. All his mother had said about his work was, "My dear, you are improving."

Christmas night came, and with it a beautiful tree. Imagine Roger's delight when he saw on and about it new skates, a new sled, a new violin and a new drum.

And up in the highest branches, in letters of gold, these words:

"For the boy who has proved he can be careful when he tries."

A VISIT FROM A PRINCE.

HARRY was playing with his letter blocks one afternoon, when a prince came to visit him.

Harry knew the prince very well, indeed. As soon as the prince came into the room Harry said:

"Hullo, old fellow, is that you?"

Was not that a very strange way to greet a prince?

And wasn't it stranger yet for Harry to say next:

"Come, sit up, old boy, and give us your —"

Was it hand Harry was going to say? No, indeed, it was paw. "Sit up, old boy, and give us your paw."

Prince was a beautiful dog, as black as a coal. Indeed, his real

name, his whole name, was Edward, the Black Prince. Now you must ask somebody to tell you about the man who was called the "Black Prince," the man for whom Harry's dog was named.

When Harry asked Prince to give his paw, the dog did not do it as quickly as he ought to have done.

Did Harry beat him for that? No, indeed. Did he say, "Never mind, Prince, you need not obey me if you do not want to?" No, indeed, again.

He sat up himself, and then he made Prince sit up on his hind legs. Then he ordered Prince to give his paw. Prince did so. Then Harry made him do it again, then again and again and again, until the dog seemed to understand that he must learn to obey when he was spoken to.

After Prince appeared to have learned that lesson quite perfectly, Harry taught him something new.

He taught him to stand on his hind legs and hold a pipe in his mouth. This he soon did so well that Harry clapped his hands and cried,

"Good, good, you smoke as well as his royal highness, the Black Prince, himself."

Which remark showed that Harry had not yet begun to study history. If he had, he would have known that in the country where the Black Prince lived, tobacco was never heard of until many, many, *many* years after his death.

STRINGING CRANBERRIES.

Arthur Bancroft was feeling very cross one morning in December. He had a bad cold, and his mother did not think it would be wise for him to go out-of-doors. That was why he was cross. The skating was finer than it had been that season; every other boy he knew was enjoying it.

He walked about the house with a very sulky face; would take no notice of books or games, and seemed determined to be miserable.

He was standing looking out of the window when his sister Laura came into the room. Laura carried in her hand a basket filled with cranberries.

She put the basket on the table, took a needle from her mother's needle-

book, threaded it with a long, stout thread, and began stringing the berries.

Laura was a dear little thing. She was always busy. No one ever heard her say, "I wish I had something to do." And she was generally doing something for some one else.

She made a sweet little picture as she sat bending over the basket of crimson cranberries. Some such idea may have come into Arthur's mind as he turned and looked at her. As he watched her silently for some moments, the cross expression on his face became a little less cross.

"What are you doing?" he asked, at last.

"Stringing cranberries for the Mullins' Christmas tree," answered Laura. "Don't you want to help me?"

"It's girls' work," replied Arthur.

"Isn't a boy smart enough to do a girl's work?" asked Laura.

"Of course, he's *smart* enough. I don't mean that. Perhaps he doesn't want to."

"Oh," said Laura, "I wish you did want to."

"Why?" asked Arthur.

"I promised to string all these for the Mullins' Christmas tree," replied Laura. "The market-man brought them so late, I have not much time now."

"Thread another needle," said Arthur.

In a few moments he was working as busily as Laura, herself.

As Arthur finished his last long string, he tied the ends together and threw it around Laura's neck. When she bent her head a little, it reached the floor.

"There," said he, "that proves that a boy can do a girl's work."

"Yes," said Laura, "when" — then she stopped and smiled.

"When what?" asked Arthur.

"When he has a girl to show him how," laughed Laura, as she danced out of the room with the cranberry strings.

CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA.

"To think that this is Christmas Day!"
Said Harold to his aunt,
"I know it really is, and yet,
Believe it—well, I can't!
I've had a tree, my stocking, too,
This morning full I found,
But how can I believe it
With no snow upon the ground?

"Look at the sea so bright and blue,
And feel the soft, warm air,
And there are roses all in bloom,
And lilies, I declare!
I think that California
Is lovely, but it's queer,
How different Christmas is at home
From what it is out here."

"Ah, Harold!" gently said his aunt,
"No matter where you go,
In country strewn with flowers like this,
Or clad in ice and snow,
The birthday of the Christ-child is
The same in every place,
And happy greetings in His name,
Bring smiles to every face."

One day a jolly bumble-bee,
In coat of black and yellow,
Got caught inside a window-pane;
The silly little fellow.

He buzzed and buzzed against the glass,
To Guy's great enjoyment,
Who thought to watch this funny thing
Was just the best employment.

But soon to touch those gauzy wings,
Became Guy's great desire,
Although mama had told him that
A bee could sting like fire.

But Guy, silly as the bee,
Paid no heed to mama,
He touched the bee, then gave a howl
Which could be heard afar.

Mama a soothing poultice mixed,
And on his finger laid.
"Another time you 'll be more wise,"
Was everything she said.

MARIA T. FARNSWORTH.

A MEAN BOY.

HARRY BURTON woke one night and heard a strange noise in his closet. He got out of bed, crossed the floor in his bare feet, and carefully opened the closet door. The noise stopped, instantly.

"Ah!" said Harry, "I knew it was mice made that noise. How I wish I could catch them."

The next morning he told his mother about the noises he had heard.

"I will get you a mouse-trap," she said.

"I don't want the kind that kills the mice, I only want to catch them and tame them," said Harry.

His mother laughed and told him when he had tamed his mice he must keep them well out of her way.

The trap was set, the mice were caught, and sure enough, in a short time were so tame they would eat from Harry's hand. He made a little house for them, and kept in it his bedroom. Whenever he went out, he always shut the door carefully.

Now it happened that, among Harry's acquaintances, there was one very disagreeable boy. His name was Dick Taft. Harry did not play with him very often, for he was so ugly it was hard to get along with him.

Dick never liked to be beaten at any game, and sometimes made it very uncomfortable for the one who got ahead of him.

One day Harry happened to beat him at one of their school games. Dick called after him when it was over, "I'll pay you for this, see if I don't."

Harry only laughed as he walked away, going in the opposite direction from his own house.

When he was out of sight, Dick ran to Harry's house, made some excuse to go up in his bedroom, and let in the big cat, who was eagerly watching outside.

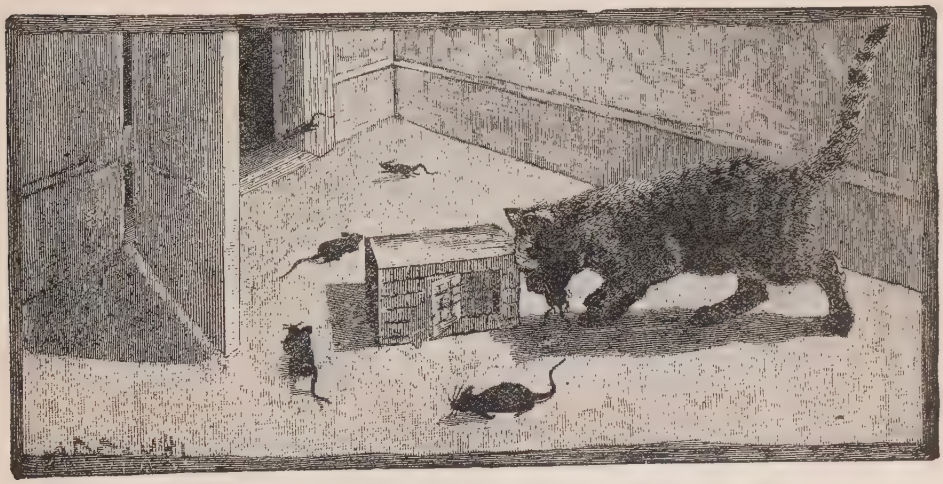
When Harry came home, the mouse house was open, and not one of his pets was to be seen. The poor fellow was almost heart-broken. He asked every one in the house who had left his door open. The maid

told him she thought it must have been that boy he sent up to his room.

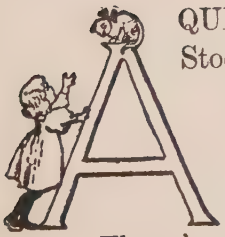
She described the boy, and Harry knew in a moment that it was Dick Taft.

"So that is the way he paid me for beating him at a game," cried Harry. "Well, never again, so long as I live, will I play with a boy who is mean enough to do such a trick as that."

And he kept his word.



A NAUGHTY PUMPKIN'S FATE.



QUEER little pumpkin, a jolly fat fellow,
Stood close to his mother so rotund and yellow.
"What a stupid old place! how I long to aspire,"
Cried he, "I was destined for something much higher."

"My son," said the mother, "pray do be content,
There's great satisfaction in life that's well spent!"
But he shrugged up his shoulders, this pumpkin, 't is true,
And acted just like some bad children will do.

With a shout and a whoop, in the garden they ran,
Tom and Ned, for they'd thought of the loveliest plan
To astonish their friends from the city, you see,
With a fine Jack-o'-lantern — "Ah, this one suits me!"

Neddie seized the bad pumpkin, and dug out his brains,
Till he felt so light-headed and brimful of pains;
Then two eyes, a long nose, and a mouth big and wide,
They cut in a minute, and laid him aside

Until night, when they hung him upon a stout limb,
With a candle inside; how his poor head did swim,
As they twisted him this way, then twirled him round that,
Till at last, with a crash, he fell on the ground flat,

A wreck of the once jolly, fat little fellow,
Who stood by his mother so rotund and yellow.
Just then a lean cow, who was passing that way,
Ate him up, just to finish *her* "Thanksgiving Day."

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
One day two little boys
Begged for some pennies. "Not to buy
Candies or silly toys,—
Oh, no!" they cried; "'t is fish-hooks!
Give us but half a dime,
And we will catch a string of fish
Before 't is dinner-time."

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
Alas! no tempting string
Of fish was captured ere they heard
The dinner-bell out ring.
Then by the door they stood their rods,
With dangling bait on high,
And while they calmly ate within,
Poor pussy wandered by.

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
High in the sunny air
Sprang playful puss, unconscious
That cruel hooks were there.

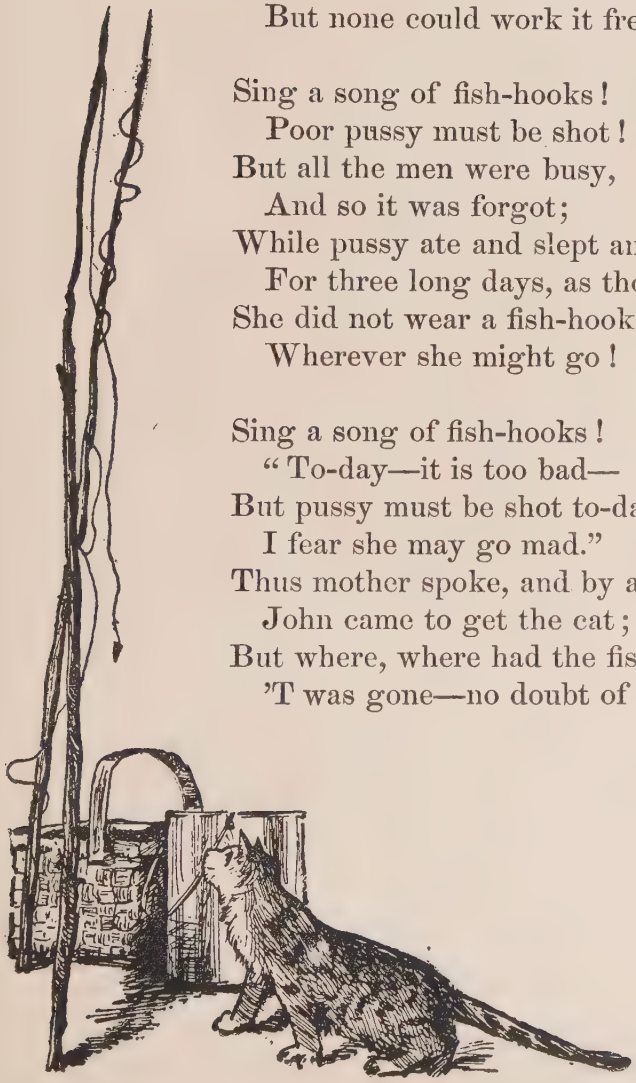
When, lo! a rod fell with a crash!
Pussy had caught, at last,

The dangling plaything she desired,
And in her jaw 't was fast.

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
Alas! poor little boys!
With streaming eyes they cut the cord,
Forgotten all their joys;
They carry puss first here, then there,
Begging each one to see
If he could get the fish-hook out;
But none could work it free.

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
Poor pussy must be shot!
But all the men were busy,
And so it was forgot;
While pussy ate and slept and played
For three long days, as though
She did not wear a fish-hook horn,
Wherever she might go!

Sing a song of fish-hooks!
"To-day—it is too bad—
But pussy must be shot to-day;
I fear she may go mad."
Thus mother spoke, and by and by
John came to get the cat;
But where, where had the fish-hook gone!
'T was gone—no doubt of that!



Sing a song of fish-hooks !
The boys jumped high in glee,
"You dear, smart little puss !" they cried,
"To work the fish-hook free !"
But to this day, how pussy pulled
The dreadful fish-hook out
Nobody knows, nor will, I think,
Know how 't was brought about.

3— *Cinderella.*

THE THREE GRACES.

"I WISH I could always wear silk dresses," said Nannie, as she lovingly smoothed the folds of the pretty pink silk, mamma had just finished for the Easter celebration.

"Your dress is only second-hand, dearie," said grandma, "it is made from worm's houses."

"How could worms make anything so beautiful!" cried Nannie in astonishment, "do tell me about it please."

"I shall commence with the mother," replied grandma, "she is a stupid looking moth with four grayish-white wings; she only lives two or three days, just long enough to lay her eggs. The eggs are about as large as a grain of wheat, yellow in color when fresh, but in a few days they take on a dark bluish tint.

When the eggs hatch, you will see ugly little black worms crawling from them; these as they become older, are quite light; they change their skin coats five times, as they outgrow their suits very quickly.

When this worm, or caterpillar as it is called, is fully grown, it has a hard, scaly head, sixteen feet, six of which are armed with claws; there is also a kind of tail. Its color now is a light green; it stops eating and commences its silk house.

The silk is drawn from two holes under its mouth; it looks like

one thread, but is really two, brought together by hooks placed in its mouth.

First it spins loose threads for a foundation, then it builds a strong, oval house of what is called floss silk; by the end of the fourth day the dwelling is finished and lined with a gum that keeps the rain out and the heat in. A wise man tells us that if the silk in one of these houses or cocoons was drawn out in a single thread, it would measure six miles, and sixteen pounds of cocoons will make only one pound of silk. Mulberry leaves are the food of this useful creature.

The silk worm was first found in China. In Chinese history we read that the wife of one of their emperors invented a way to make silk out of raw threads; this stuff she embroidered with birds and flowers. On account of this wonderful invention she was given the title of "Spirit of the silkworm and mulberry tree."

A KIND HEART.

The day Ethel Brown was seven years old she had a tea party.

Mrs. Brown had sent tiny cards of invitation to all the little girls on the street to come and bring their dolls. She also sent one to Nellie Day, her washer-woman's little girl, at Ethel's special request.

"She is a nice little girl," said Ethel, "and doesn't ever go anywhere like me. May I have her at my party?"

"That is right, little daughter," said Mrs. Brown. "Always be kind to those who have less pleasure than yourself. Of course she may come to your party."

They all arrived at four o'clock and looked very pretty in their white dresses and bright ribbons, and the dolls looked nearly as pretty as the little girls themselves.

Ethel noticed that Nellie Day did not have a doll with her. "So," thought she, "I will ask her to pour the tea and then she won't feel bad because she hasn't one."

The little girls talked and played games and Ethel's grown up sister played on the piano and then they sang.

"Now," said Mrs. Brown, coming into the room, "if you will choose partners, Florence will play for you and you can march out to tea."

During the confusion Ethel said to her mamma, "I shall ask Nellie to pour the tea because she has not any doll."

"Very well, dear," answered Mrs. Brown.

But when they turned to find her, she was not with the others.

"Where can she be?" exclaimed Ethel.

And then began the search. Tea was delayed and they hunted the house over for her. Finally Mrs. Brown went out on a side porch seldom used, and there she found the little girl.

The child had brought a cushion to sit on, and clasped tightly in her arms were three of Ethel's dolls. Mrs. Brown persuaded her to come in with the promise that she might keep the dolls.

So Ethel rang the bell, and they all marched in to tea again, with Nellie Day leading the line, holding her three dollies.

"Mamma," said Ethel, as the little girls were going home, "may I give Nellie Day the dolls? I have so many and she has not one."

"Yes indeed," replied Mrs. Brown, as she kissed her little daughter. "I am sure it will make her very happy."

And Nellie Day went home that night, the happiest little girl in the town.

TOWSER TALKS.

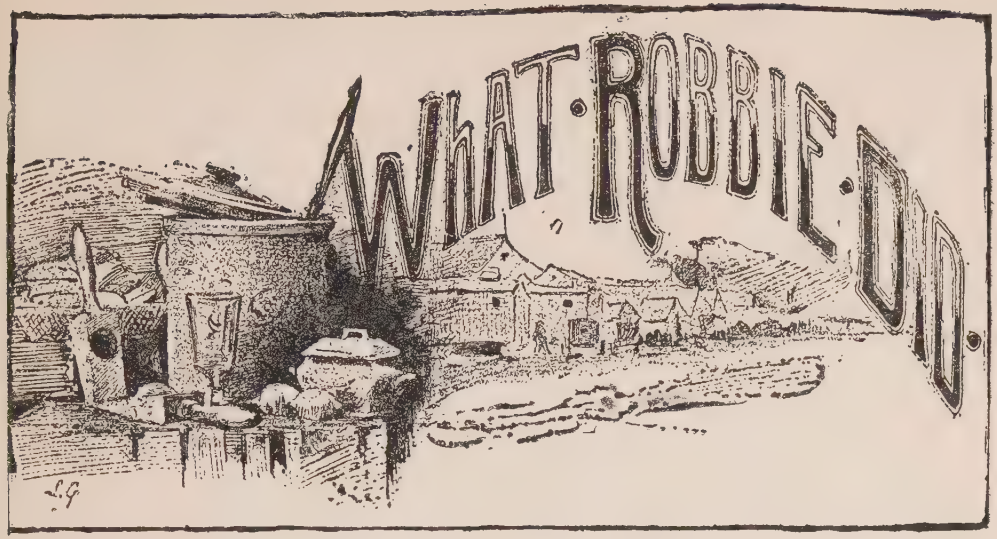
I am not a big dog and I don't know very much, but I know more than I used to. The reason why I know more than I used to is because I asked Carlo some questions once. I asked him what made him so gaunt and thin and why he had such an enquiring expression on his face and such a hump on the top of his head. He didn't answer right away, and I noticed the enquiring expression vanished. He looked quite decided. Then something happened, — I don't know exactly what, but Mary, the cook, told

the butler that it made her dizzy just to look on. And then Carlo said: —

"One reason why I am gaunt and thin is because I am not a little upstart of a pug,— of no earthly use under Heaven, and nothing to do but waddle around and accumulate fat.

"The reason I have an enquiring expression on my face is because I am ever on the outlook to anticipate my master's will and do his slightest bidding.

"As for the hump on the top of my head, that is a mark given by the Creator only to dogs that have intellect. Pray that yours may grow!" That is all he said, but it was enough for one day and has furnished me food for thought ever since.



One bright morning Robbie Dale sat quietly on the door-step. He was planning how to help his mother, who was poor, and needed money very much. Baby Ruth had been sick, and there were many bills to pay.

"Oh, dear! I wish I could do something," sighed Robbie.

He sat thinking awhile longer. Suddenly a bright idea came to him. "I 'll ask Mamma!" he exclaimed. His mother was ironing in the kitchen. She looked greatly surprised when Robbie told her what he had been thinking about. His plan was to have a small stand at the fair which was to be opened the next week. He thought he could sell lemonade and candy. Perhaps, too, sister Alice would make some of her nice doughnuts and sandwiches for him.

After a while Robbie obtained his mother's consent to try this plan. He easily obtained permission to have a stand on the fair grounds. Everybody in the village who knew Robbie liked him very much.

The fair was to last only one day. Robbie could hardly wait for the time. But the day came at last, a bright, sunshiny morning. Robbie was at the fair grounds at an early hour. He carefully

arranged his stand, doughnuts and sandwiches on one side, and candy, glasses, and lemonade on the other. Robbie prided himself on his lemonade. It must have been good, for his little stand was soon quite surrounded. It kept him very busy. Among the group

around Robbie's stand was old Jacob Green, who kept the village store.

He had known Robbie's father, and was a great friend of the family. He saw how busy the little boy was, and he decided to help

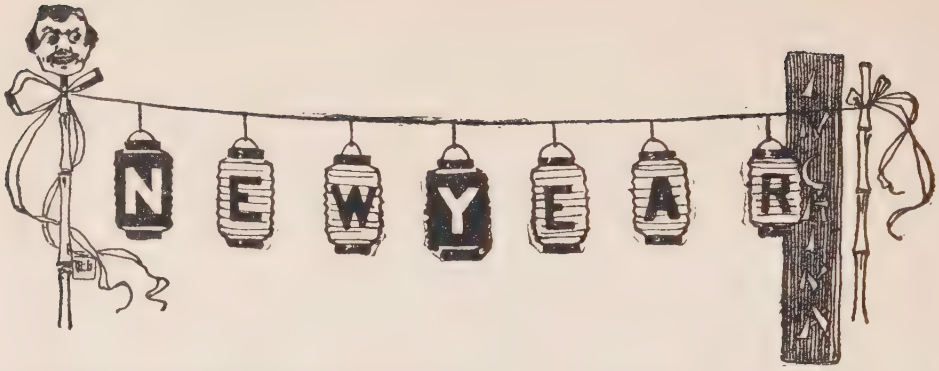
him. Robbie was glad of his assistance. Before night everything was sold. Robbie counted his money, finding he had made nearly ten dollars. With a joyful heart he hurried home to his mother.

"Will this help you, Mamma?" he cried, passing her the money.

"Yes, very much," answered Mamma; "but it helps me a great

deal more to know that I have such a good, thoughtful little son." She clasped the boy to her heart, kissing him tenderly, and Robbie was quite contented.

Many times after that he found ways of helping his mother. He grew to be a good and useful man.



The little children in China have a great time on their New Year's day. It is not the same day as ours, which all boys and girls know is on the first day of Januarv.

Theirs comes on the sixth of February. All the people in China make it a grand gala day. Business is stopped for three days, and such mirth and feasting as they have!

Everybody gets on a new suit if possible; even the very poor must have on something new, if they borrow it for the occasion.

JUST AS SHE PLEASED.

OW children, I am tired of you; I am going down stairs for the rest of the morning," and Polly started to leave the nursery.

"Put your dolls away before you go," said Nurse, "I don't want them left in the middle of the floor."

"I won't. I did not put them there." Polly tossed her head and ran quickly out of the room.

Nurse had baby in her lap and could not run after her.

The little girl went to the kitchen, but cook was cross and said she would not have Polly bothering her.

Then she went to the library hoping to find her Uncle Edward, but he was not there.

She wandered from room to room and could find nothing to amuse her.

She wanted to go back into the nursery, but she had told a lie when she said she had not put the dolls on the floor, and she was afraid to.

She felt lonesome and a few tears ran down her face.

At that moment Uncle Edward entered the room, and, seeing the doleful little face, took her in his arms, tossing her into the air.

As he did so, he knocked over a vase which fell to the floor, broken.

"Oh! see what you have done," cried Polly.

"I don't care. I shall say I didn't do it," replied Uncle Edward.

"Oh! But that would be a lie," said Polly.

"Well, who put the dolls on the nursery floor?"

"Nurse must have told you. But I am sorry," and Polly began to cry again.

"There, there!" said Uncle Edward. "We will go up and tell Nurse we are sorry."

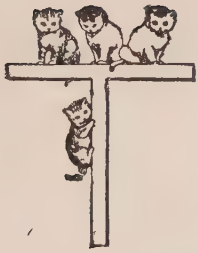
They went up to the nursery but Nurse and baby had gone and the dolls were still on the floor.

Polly wanted to play circus and Uncle Edward made believe he was the elephant and gave the dollies a ride. He kicked so once that black Diana fell off and broke her neck.

After a while Nurse came in with baby and interrupted the frolic.

When Polly told her she was sorry because she had told a lie, Nursie said she would forgive her and Polly promised not to do so again.

THE KITE TED MADE.



HE sticks he used were light;
He tacked them into place,
And he bound a strong cord tight
From end to end for a brace;
And he covered it over with paper white,
And on that drew a face.

Then twisted bits he tied
In a long and jagged trail,
And held aloft with pride,
For that was the kite's tail;
A length of string was all beside
He needed for a sail.

This found, he took it out
Into a vacant lot,
Ordering the boys about,
As, pray, why should he not?
While they, with eager whoop and shout,
Gathered about the spot.

But the kite, alas! it lagged,
And would not lift nor fly;
Ted tried to run — it dragged,
However he might try.
And the long tail of which he bragged
Trailed broken and awry.

"What ails the thing?" cried Ted.
Piped little Jo, "I know" —
Black face and kindly head,
And black, bare feet had Joe —
"The reason it don't go ahead
Is 'cause the wind don't blow."

DRIVING A PAIR.

TOMMY'S CART–LOAD OF BISCUITS.

Tommy Mellon is a round, roly-poly little boy, with cheeks like the sunset and hair like moonbeams. He has great big eyes, almost purple they are so blue. Tommy is no make-believe, but a fair little boy four years old. Among his few playthings he has a little red cart on wooden wheels. Almost any hour in the day he may be seen drawing things back and forth.

One day he came to his mamma, saying, "I want a load of bikits."

"A load of biscuits," said his mamma. "What for?"

"To give to the poor people," was his reply.

So his mamma, wishing to encourage every noble impulse in her little boy, brought out a dozen biscuits. They were enough to pile the cart heaping full. With a pleasant "Thank you" the little fellow trudged off into the back yard.

When he returned his cart was empty. His mamma looked up in surprise, saying, "Why, Tommy, did you find any poor folks?"

"No, mamma," he replied; "I gave all my bikits to a poor, little black dog as has no home, and nossin' to eat, and he was awful glad, 'cause he gobbled 'em down right quick. I guess there aint no poor folks here, 'cause I looked up and down the back alley eber so long, and no one come but a little dog."

But his mamma assured him that there were plenty of them. Some day she would start out with him to hunt them up.

"Oh, good, good!" cried the little fellow, clapping his hands; "and can I sabe all my pennies for 'em?"

His mamma told him he might, and now he is saving his pennies in a paste-board box to distribute on his first visit to the poor. He says when he becomes a man he is going to give market-baskets full to the poor people every day.

OUR CHRISTMAS

SAILING TO SLUMBER-LAND.

Now sail away, my baby dear,
  Now sail to slumber-land;
Mama will steer your dainty craft
  With firm, unfailing hand.

Now sail from wintry winds and blasts,
  December's ice and snow,
Unto that lovely wondrous shore
  Where summer blossoms blow.

Where scented breezes kiss your cheeks,
  And through the soft, pure air
Fly birds, and bees, and butterflies,
  Most wonderful and rare.

Sail on, my sweet, to slumber-land,
  Sail on, and do not fear;
And when you turn your face toward home
  Mama'll be waiting here.

SAILING TO SLUMBER-LAND.

A SOLDIER'S BOY.

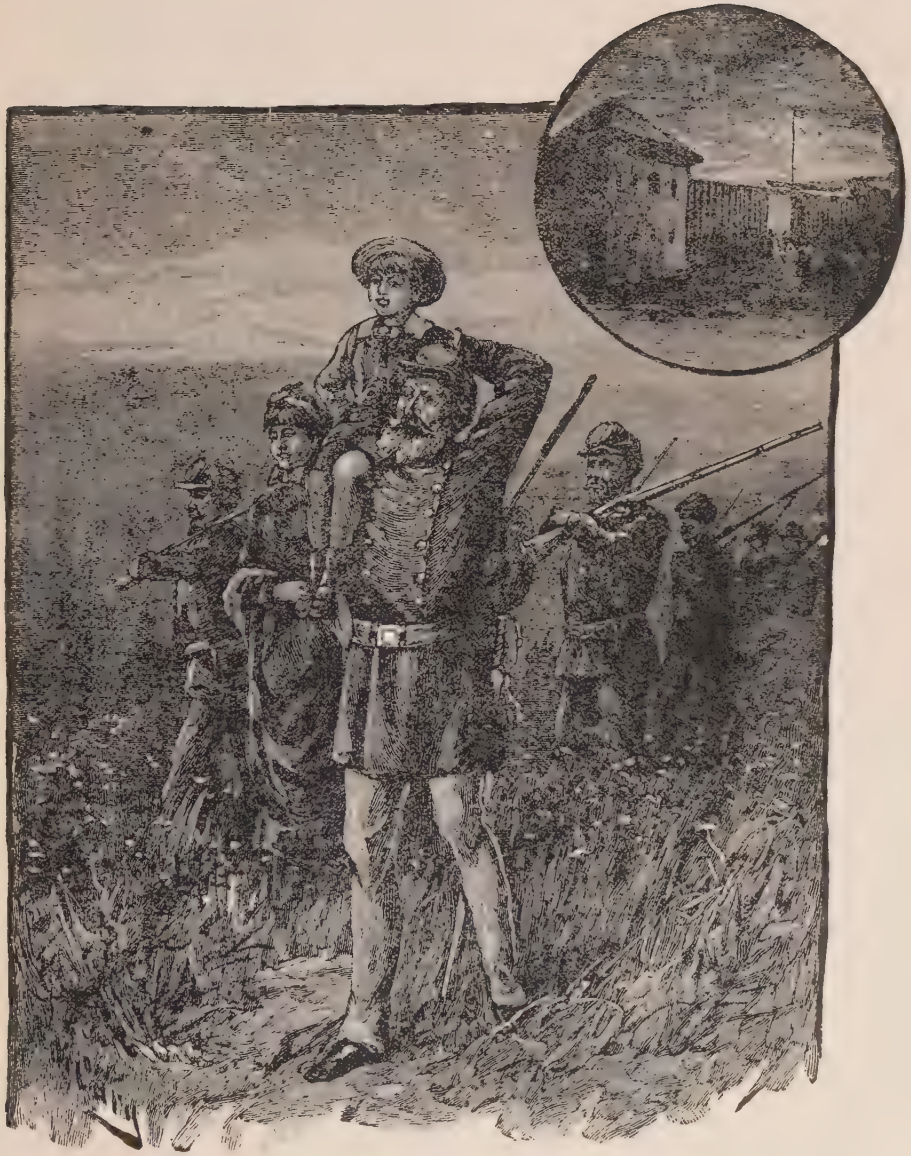
LITTLE Sammy Green's father is a soldier. He is stationed in a fort out West to help preserve peace among the Indians, and see that they do no harm to the people who have gone there to make homes.

Sammy was seven years old at the time this story begins, and lived in the East. He had not seen his father for a year, but he had often had letters from him. Finally it was decided that Sammy and his mother should make a trip to the Western country and visit Mr. Green, who could not well leave his duties to come to them.

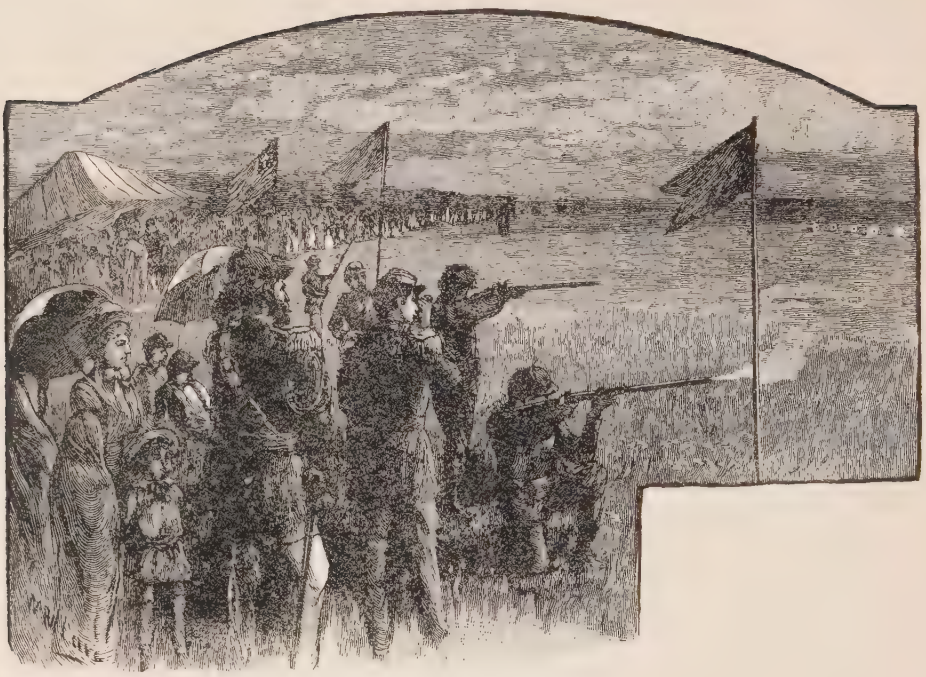
It was a long ride by cars and wagon, but at last Sammy and his mother arrived at the fort, and Mr. Green was very happy to have them with him, if only for a few months.

The day after they came there was a shooting-match, and Sammy was greatly interested in seeing the soldiers fire their guns and attempt to hit the targets, which were set up at quite a distance away. Some of the men were expert marksmen, and could hit the centre of the target almost every time. Sammy wished he knew how to shoot, and asked his father if he couldn't have a gun. Mr. Green said he would give his mother some money to buy him a toy gun, for he was too small to use powder and balls, such as the soldiers had.

The crack, crack, crack of the firing continued all the afternoon.



"A SOLDIER'S BOY."



Besides Mrs. Green and Sammy, there were many other visitors and spectators, and among them were a number of Indians. Sammy was, at first, rather afraid of the red men, but his father assured him that they would not hurt him, and he soon got over his alarm.

When it began to get dark, the soldiers stopped shooting, and returned to the fort, which was not far off. Mr. Green carried Sammy on his shoulder, and, as they were going along over the prairie, Sammy said: "I wish I had a pony." He had seen several of the Indians on ponies, and the latter at once attracted his attention and pleased him.

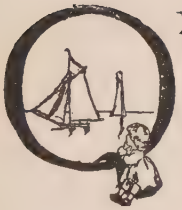
"Why, you can't ride a pony," said his father.

"Well, I could learn," said the ambitious little fellow.

"So you could," replied Mr. Green.

And Sammy did learn to ride quite well while he was at the fort. His father purchased him a cunning little Indian pony, and when Sammy returned to his home in the East in the fall to go to school, he took it with him. The pony is black, and his name is Thunder Cloud.

MOTHER'S DREAM.



ONE day quite late in the fall, a day so mild and sunny that it seemed as though a bit of August had strayed into October, I wandered over to the woods back of my dear old country home. Finding a soft seat, cushioned by the pine needles, a nice rock at my back, just enough sunshine to make me happy, I threw myself down, prepared to enjoy a book I had brought with me.

But how could I read with so much of interest about me? Just under my hand were the soft, feathery tufts of the stone pine with their long, bleached stem buried far beneath the many layers of pine needles; just a bit farther were the glossy, green leaves and bright, red berries of the wintergreen that remind one of the robins with their red breasts that appear in the spring, hopping about on the green grass; and at my feet were some pine cones. As I looked could I believe my eyes? I saw one small cone roll slowly over to its nearest neighbor and settle down as if for a chat. Presently I heard sounds; sounds like the soft murmurings and whisperings of the Mother Pines, but, oh! so much gentler and sweeter, and I heard these words:

"When did you drop down to earth, Brother Buff? I did not hear you."

"No, Tan, I dropped on the softest possible spot and no one could have heard me. I must confess, though, I feel quite sorry to have left my swinging branch; the view of the lake was so fine, and down here I fear I shall see but little of the clouds and sky."

"Never mind," Tan said consolingly, "when the winter winds and the icy rains come, you will be very glad that Mother Pine dropped you down on the warm earth, where the pine needles will give you shelter and keep you warm. Nor could you put forth a a little green shoot in the spring, and do your best to become a tall, straight pine-tree, had you been left swinging on your branch."

"To be sure," said Buff, cheerfully, "I will not repine"—at which comical remark I laughed aloud—and awoke! for, while gazing dreamily at the little Buff and Tan pine-cones at my feet, I must have fallen asleep and dreamed all I have told you.

BUBBLES.

"Now, Tommie, what will you do while I write letters this morning?"

"Blow soap bubbles, Mamma, please," and Tommie jumped up and down, clapping his hands for pleasure.

"Well, run and get me your pipe and bowl and I will mix you some suds."

The soap-suds were soon ready, and Tommie took his favorite position on the broad window-sill with the bowl in his lap.

Mamma, writing in the next room, could hear the Oh's and squeals of delight, as the bubbles grew larger and rounder.

"Why is Tommie in all the bubbles?" asked the little boy at last.

"Because, said Mamma, "the bubbles are like a mirror, and when my little boy is near enough to look at them, he will be reflected in them, just the same as when he looks in Mamma's long mirror."

"But the mirror doesn't break like the bubbles," said Tommie. "Where do they go when they break, Mamma?"

"They evaporate, dear; that is a big word for my little boy. Spell it after Mamma and then perhaps you will remember. E-v-a-p-o-r-a-t-e evaporate."

"What does evaporate mean," asked Tommie bringing out the long word with a jerk.

"Do you remember, dear," answered Mamma, "that early in the morning when the grass is all wet with dew, my little boy cannot run in it without his rubbers? But before long it is all dry and then my little boy takes off his rubbers and does not get his feet wet. The sun and the air absorb or suck up the water and carry it off to their homes. Now, the bubbles are made of a little water and a little air. The water is on the end of the pipe, and Tommie blows the air into the pipe, and the bubble grows big and round. When it breaks, the air sucks up the water, which was the outside of the bubble, and the air which was inside mixes with the air in the room."

"Now do you suppose you can tell Papa all about it, when he comes home to dinner?" asked Mamma.

"Of course I can," said Tommie, proudly. "Haven't you just told me all about it?"

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

Away off on a warm sunny island, little Harry Hall was born. Flowers bloomed all the year round. The sun shone most of the time, although now and then there were thunder-showers.

Many wonderful plants grew wild, while on the shore shells and seaweed and queer little fishes were often to be found.

When Harry was six years old his parents took a journey to New York.

It seemed very odd to the little boy to live in a place where there were so many people, and such great houses. After a while the weather grew cold, and he had to wear thick woollen clothing. The house in which they lived was heated by a furnace; but one day they had a fire of logs on the hearth. Harry enjoyed it very much, and thought the bright blaze so pretty.

The sky was gray and cloudy one afternoon, and Harry had been standing by the window watching the street cars. Suddenly the air grew thick, and he could scarcely see the houses opposite. Something white and feathery fell slowly down and rested on the window ledge. Then it disappeared. But more and more of the little flakes came, until there was quite a ridge outside of the window.

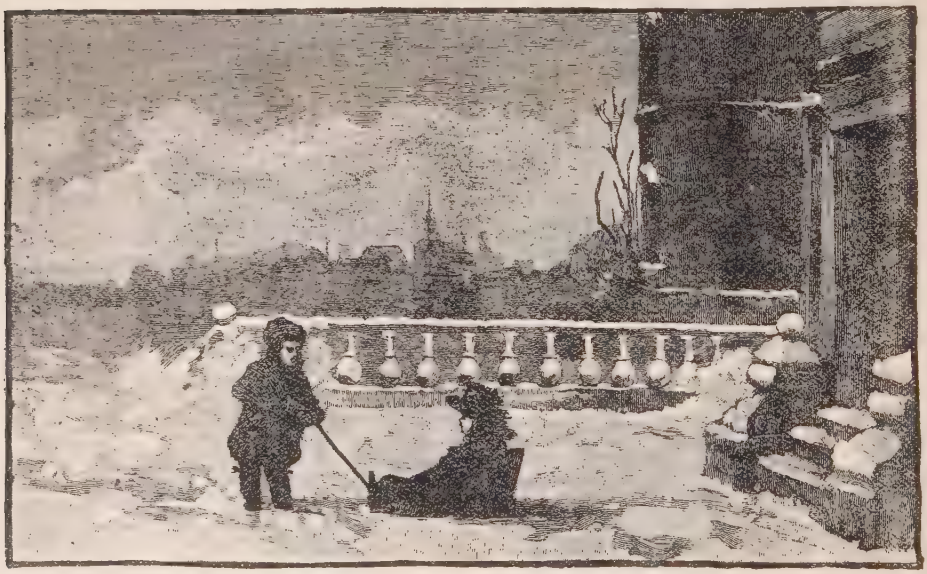
Harry opened the sash gently, fearing it might fly away. He was surprised when he touched it to find it so cold. He took

some up in his hand, but in a moment it was only a drop of water.

By that time the street and the men's hats and coats were quite white. Harry was puzzled to find a name for the beautiful white substance, so he ran to his mamma and asked her about it.

She told him it was snow, and because the air was so warm on the beautiful island where he was born they never had any.

The next morning he saw the little children of the neighbor-

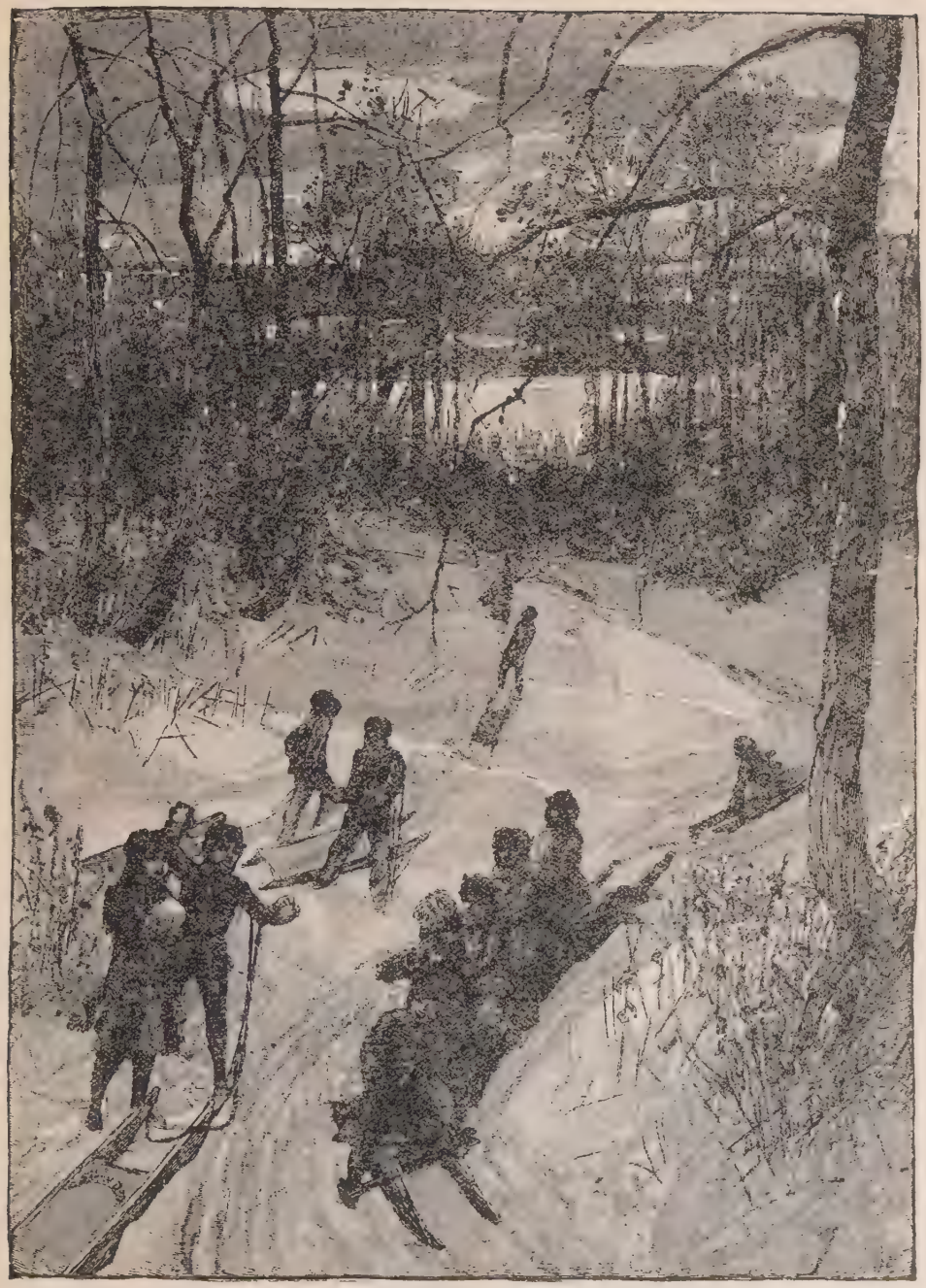


hood playing in it; but before noon the sun was so bright and warm the snow had all melted away.

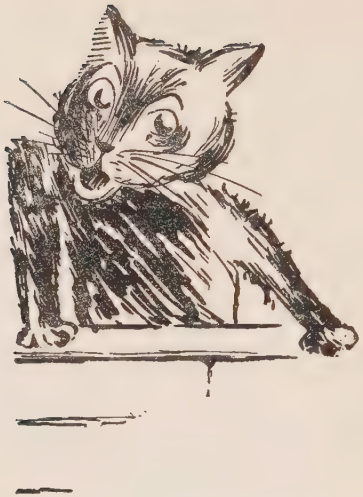
When the second snow-storm came Harry's papa brought home a beautiful sleigh, and gave his little boy great pleasure by drawing him up and down the street.

Harry soon learned to go out by himself, and made many friends; especially of the little girls, as he was very generous with his sleigh.

But he has never forgotten his surprise when he saw the first snow-storm.



"UP AND DOWN WENT THE MERRY PARTY."



THE SONG OF THE SPONGE.

I LIVED in the depths of the beautiful sea,
Far, far away, so glad and free.

Coral and seaweed made my bed;
Fathoms of water rose overhead.

Great plants and trees grew all around
In this mighty world without a bound.

Huge, wonderful creatures passed by me
As I lay so still in the deep, blue sea.

And all was peace and quiet content;
No winds or storms the calmness rent.

But one day, lo, I was torn away
From the dear old home where so long I lay.

Up, up I was borne to the world of men,
Far, far beyond what had been my ken.

And now I lie, all lonely and lorn,
And sigh for the home in which I was born.

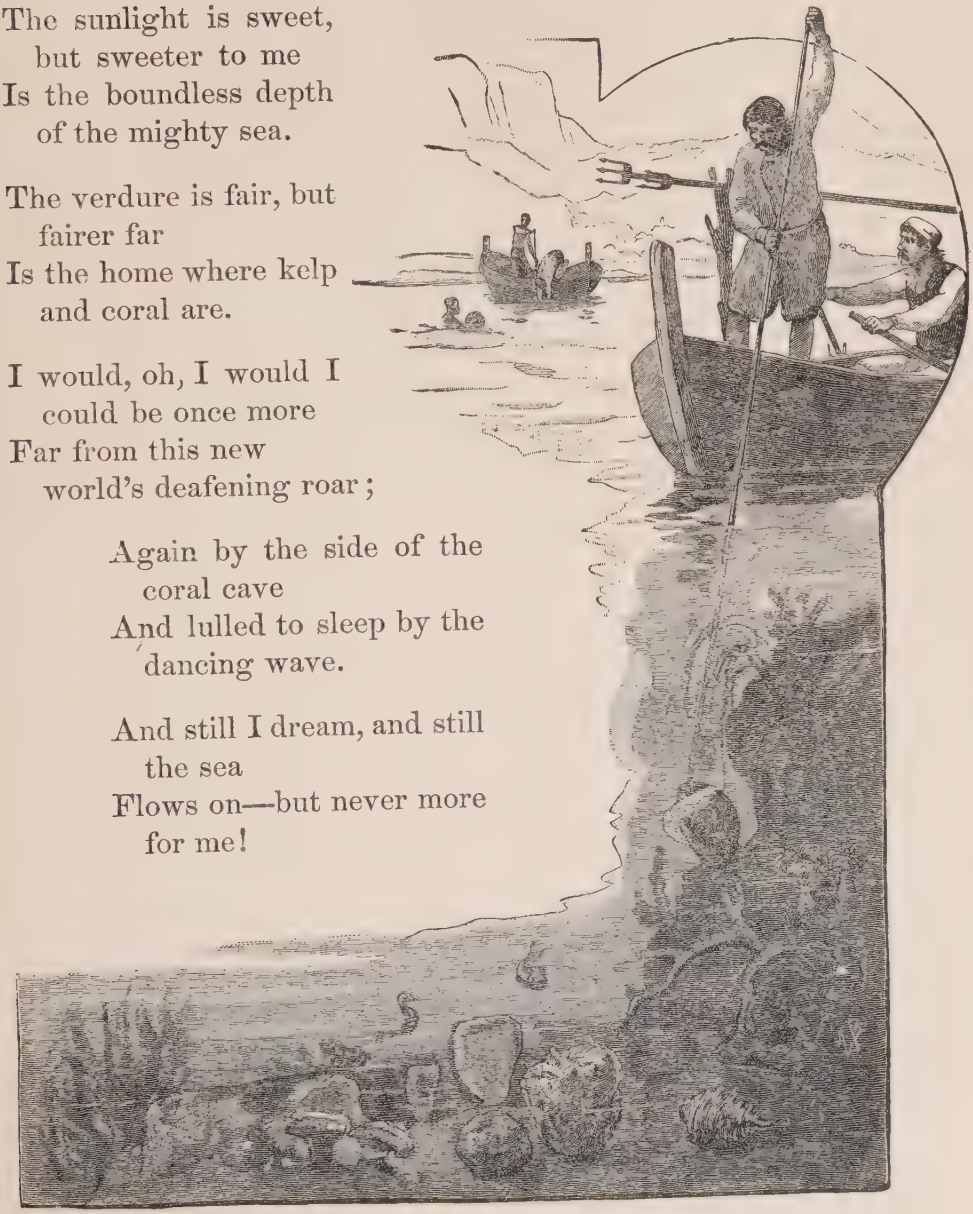
The sunlight is sweet,
but sweeter to me
Is the boundless depth
of the mighty sea.

The verdure is fair, but
fairer far
Is the home where kelp
and coral are.

I would, oh, I would I
could be once more
Far from this new
world's deafening roar;

Again by the side of the
coral cave
And lulled to sleep by the
dancing wave.

And still I dream, and still
the sea
Flows on—but never more
for me!



THE LITTLE DAIRY-MAID.

Bright little Betty,
Blithesome and pretty,
Lightly she trips thro' the sweet-scented clover,
Rosy cheeks, ruby lips,
Dainty shaped finger tips,
Sweet little mouth as one e'er could discover.

Lithely she skips along,
Trilling her carol song,
Calling the kine from the mead o'er the water;
Loving and dutiful,
Modest and beautiful,
She is a dairyman's dear little daughter.

Trim little dairy-maid,
Mother's own merry maid,
Scarcely she knows she is winsome and pretty;
Who would not be as she,
Willingly, cheerily,
Loving and helping all — sweet little Betty?

The Little Dairy Maid

DINAH'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

Dinah Morris is a colored girl. She lives in the South. By South we mean in the southern part of the United States.

Dinah is one of the most good-natured children that ever lived, but she is very, very lazy. There is nothing she likes, or used to like, so much as to curl up in some warm corner in the sun and do nothing.

Dinah's mother wished very much that her child should learn to read, but the lady who tried to teach her soon gave it up. "It is no use," she said, "Dinah will not learn. She is not a stupid child, but she is too lazy for anything."

It happened, soon after this, that a young man from Massachusetts came to the house where Dinah lived. He brought with him something

no one else in the neighborhood had ever seen before — a pair of roller-skates.

When Dinah saw the young man going rapidly up and down the piazza on his skates she was so astonished she hardly knew what to think. She ran after him like a cat, her black eyes shining as they had never shone before.

One day the young man allowed her to try on the skates. The child was too happy for words. Of course she fell down, and sprawled about the floor, but did not mind at all.

"Look here, Dinah," said the young man, "I understand that my aunt has been trying to teach you to read."

Dinah answered that she certainly had.

"Why didn't you learn?" asked the young man. "You need not trouble to answer," said he, "it was just because you are too lazy. Now, if, on the first of January, you can read, I tell you what I will do. I will send you as good a pair of roller-skates as I can buy in Boston."

How Dinah's eyes snapped. For a moment she said nothing, then exclaimed decidedly, "I'll have those skates, sure."

And she did. When she bent her mind on her work she could always do it well, no matter what it was.

The lady who had before this found her such a difficult child to teach, now had no trouble. If Dinah showed the least sign of her former laziness the word *skates!* was enough to make her bend her mind on her lesson instantly.

On New Year's morning she received a box marked in large printed letters:

MISS DINAH MORRIS,

Care of Mrs. Lawrence Delancy,

If she can read what is on the outside of this box she can have what is inside.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

And as Dinah read every word plainly and quickly, of course she had for her very own the fine roller-skates the box held. And now sitting curled up in the sun, doing nothing, is not the thing she likes to do best.

MOTHER MOUSE'S RETREAT.

In a warm, dark corner of a large, oak cupboard, a little mouse had made up her mind to build a snug home for her little ones. She had discovered just the sort of place she wanted. Tom Brown's best clothes, only brought out on grand occasions, were hanging up in that cupboard. Mother Mouse had scrambled in and out of all the pockets and could make her plans accordingly. Mother Mouse chose the right hand jacket pocket for her retreat. Tom happened to leave in it a good handful of cotton wool, borrowed from his mother for his egg collection, and a large piece of mouldy cake. The cake was the very thing for a hungry family if provisions grew scarce in mouseland.

No sooner said than done. Four clever tiny paws dragged and combed and matted the wool into the nicest little nest you ever saw. Before many days were over five weenie baby mice lay in it, all cuddled up together.

The babies grew and throve. Mother Mouse had gnawed a hole, big enough for her small person, through the side of the cupboard. This hole was near the table where Farmer Brown and his men sat down every night to supper. A plentiful supply of cheese parings, bacon rind and broken crusts were always to be found for the seeking. Never had a mouse family lived in such luxury before! But, alas, it did not last forever!

One day the door was opened and Tom's coat lifted down and carried out into the kitchen. Frightened out of their very small

wits, the baby mice shivered with fear as Tom struggled into his jacket and stamped about the room, shaking them at every turn. He was going to a children's party at the squire's house. He was late and had to run more than half the way. You can imagine the feelings of the poor mice!

Play had begun when Tom got there. There was a cry of "Forfeits! forfeits!" as he entered the room.

"Come along, old fellow, and lend us something for a forfeit," cried Rob Hayes, as he seized Tom by the shoulder.

Anxious to oblige, Tom put his hand quite innocently into *the* pocket. Mother Mouse dashed up in his face and a cry of astonishment broke from all the children in the room. But what was their still greater surprise when the little nest with its tiny inmates was drawn carefully out of its snug hiding-place.

"Oh, do not separate them," cried one and all. Mother Mouse was gently caught and put back with her babies into the old well-known pocket where she had spent so many happy hours. Tom was not the sort of boy to drive her out any more until her little ones were old enough and strong enough to make their own way in the world.

PLUME, THE BABY SQUIRREL.

A BOY stole a young squirrel from its nest in the trunk of a tree. He wished to tame it for a pet; but it would not eat. When it was well-nigh dead he gave it to a young girl named Ruth, who ran with it to her aunt, and said:—

"Oh, see! the poor little thing will die, if it does not eat."

Ruth's aunt got a bottle, with some warm milk in it, and put a bit of sponge in the place of the cork. When the sponge was full of milk she told Ruth to let the squirrel suck the sponge. The wee thing, which was too weak to stand, Ruth held with her left hand, while she put the sponge to its mouth. It did not heed it. Ruth's aunt opened its mouth and let it shut on the sponge. Then it sucked the milk.

Ruth was glad, and took such good care of her pet that it was soon bright and well, and did not have the least fear of her. She named him Plume. He would sit on her arm or her head, and run all over

her, and go with her where she went. He had a house, made of a small box, in Ruth's room where he slept, and once each night he waked her by a noise to feed him.

One warm night he would not suck his milk, but sat up and cried more and more till Ruth found out that his milk was sour and got him some new. Soon he could eat bread and fruit, and seeds and nuts, and would lay by stores of food in sly nooks. He went out of doors, and up trees, and came at Ruth's call, and did not run off. One day the cat got him, but Ruth caught the cat, and choked her till she let him go. The cat touched him no more, but was his friend. Plume would play roll over, and do a great many nice things, and lived a long time the pet of the house.

WHAT MAMIE LEARNED ABOUT BEES.

"Now, mamma," said little Mamie, with her sewing in hand, "I'm going to be as busy as a bee, and do lots of sewing for my dollie, to-day."

"Perhaps my little girl doesn't know that bees, even, are sometimes lazy, and neglect their work," was the answer.

"Why, mamma!" exclaimed Mamie, her round, big, black eyes rounder and bigger than ever, if possible, "who ever heard of such a thing as a lazy bee?"

"Not long ago I heard of a colony of bees that were taken down to Florida, the land of sunshine and beautiful flowers. They soon found that there was no need of working hard for their living, as in the cold, bleak North. At last they gave up their old habits of industry, storing up no honey. They simply lived 'from hand to mouth,' as the saying is. And I have also heard about some bees that, in some way, got a taste of brandy. It caused them to act very much like human beings. They became idle and lazy, and, finally, turned thieves. They stole the honey which their respectable and thrifty neighbors had laid up against a rainy day."

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

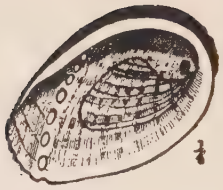
Come, tired, little, restless one,
The twilight hour is near,
And in the darkening sky above
The stars will soon appear.

Across the meadow-brook the sun
Has sent its last warm ray,
And all the gentle cows, save one,
Have homeward wound their way.

The drowsy bees have gone to sleep,
All but a naughty few,
Who, lingering on the clover, sip
The last sweet honey dew.

Sleep, sleep, — be not the only child
Who lingers, too, and tries
To push the gentle hand of sleep
From off his drooping eyes.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR. 93



THE ABALONE.

SOME of these days when you go to the Pacific coast you will see an abalone! It is a shell fish as lobsters, and crabs, and shrimps, and oysters, and scollops are, but it has one advantage over all the others. Its shell is very handsome and can be made into very many ornaments. When it is polished it makes very pretty jewelry, and ladies often have pins and bracelets made of the shell of the abalone.

Now the lobster shell is not good for much after the lobster is out of it, nor is the oyster shell or crab shell. Scollop shells are sometimes pretty, and, no doubt, you have often played with them, but the shell of the abalone is useful in many ways. When you make a visit to California, perhaps you can buy a bracelet or a shawl pin made of the shell of the abalone, and if you are a little boy, perhaps you can get a pin to stick in your cravat. You must pronounce the name with four syllables, ab-a-lo-ne.

The meat is considered a great delicacy by some persons, and large quantities are sent from California to the other states. Did you ever eat any?

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